

# Lupe Fiasco, Hater Hop

See I live it, Charlie  
And then I write it, pimping  
Then I record it, dirty  
Then it's a song!  
But then they hate on me  
Cuz they can't take, homie  
That I might break, homie  
From my home

Which is the west side  
F I wicked as the witches from the  
West side in the wizard  
You see I live it, scribble it  
Deliver it, then I distribute it  
To my niggas, But yet I  
For the life of me  
Can't understand the rivalry  
Said about my number one fan, my man  
He used to ride with me  
But now he spitefully uses fighting words to frighten me  
Slightly perturbed I war at his words rightfully  
I should be lightning like in his ass  
But I pass and lightly brush off the ash  
From the square of that square  
You see I really don't care  
But it's a whole lot of insulted niggas over here  
Bear in mind some of them mind, all of them won't  
Some of them rhyme, all of them don't  
Most of them grind, all of them inclined  
To see you signed and combined  
To be on your ass so serious

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